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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XV SEPTEMBER 1944 No. 9

A MOMENT WITH LIN YUTANG

[The young Indian journalist and writer **Khwaja Ahmad Abbas** here describes an interesting contact. The conflict in the soul of modern China is mirrored in the conflict in the mind of one of her most gifted living sons. That conflict must end in defeat for all the noble and the beautiful in China's heritage, if opportunism is learned by China in the modern school of self-interest. But we have too great faith in China to believe that outcome probable—and too great faith in Dr. Lin Yutang!—ED.]

To meet one's favourite author in flesh and blood is an experience at once fascinating and dangerous. The fascination lies in being able to compare the mental picture one has formed of him from his books with the reality; the danger is that of disillusionment. Would he measure up to the dimensions of the super-individual one has conjured up in one's imagination, pieced together from all the most impressive characteristics that one believes to have glimpsed in his writings? Or would the giant turn out to be a pigmy, the cavalier of words be revealed as a prosaic bank clerk?

Before I met Somerset Maugham I used to think of him as a flamboyant, colourful individual, like one of the characters in his tales of the exotic tropical islands. He turned out to be a shy and modest little man with a slight stammer. Ernest Hemingway, author of such sensitive writings as *Farewell to Arms* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, looked like a stout, beefy, army colonel with a fierce moustache, instead of the dreamy intellectual whom one had imagined. And Upton Sinclair, seated on a wicker chair in his back-garden, had nothing of the outward appearance of the socialist agitator that he is in life as well as in his books.

It was, therefore, with considerable misgivings that I met Lin Yutang. Would he too belie my mental picture of him based upon the impression created by his books? But he did not. He is as wise as

the compiler of *The Wisdom of China and India* can be expected to be; he has the serenity, sense of humour and love of life of *The Importance of Living;* his conversation is flavoured *With Love* [of human beings] *and* [gentle] *Irony.* In him is the agelessness of *Moment in Peking* as well as the tempestuous fighting spirit of *A Leaf in the Storm.* As one talks to him one feels his transition from the gay and gentle philosopher who wrote *The Importance of Living* to the embittered and disillusioned idealist who wrote *Between Tears and Laughter.* The experience of his people during the last seven years has changed both the content and the tone of Lin Yutang's writings, and I think it has changed him personally, too.

The intellectual heir to Confucius and Lao Tse today talks in terms of guerilla tactics and "three-pronged attack on Burma" as the only means of opening China's life-line, for he knows that only thus, by determined armed resistance, can his people save the cultural and humanistic heritage of China from being ravaged by the "East Ocean devils." But the genius of Lin Yutang has so well integrated the old and the new that even while acquiring a fighting spirit the virtues of graciousness and humanity are not lost. The old pacific culture of China has been proved an anachronism in this era of violence and wars and will not survive the present global upheaval. China must become strong to win the respect of the great powers of the world. As Lin Yutang, out of the bitterness of his soul, has recorded in his *Between Tears and Laughter* :—

> She (China) will not be accorded true equality until she is like Japan, twenty years from now, when she can build her own tanks and guns and battleships. When that time comes, then will be no need to argue about equality, such being the standards of the modern age....While acting as a friendly nation, China must learn the important lesson of acting for national self-interest as Western nations have done and are doing. Such a friendly status should not prevent China from seeking her own profits and national strength as the only road to equality with the western powers, nor, if similar circumstances arose, should it prevent her from sending scrap iron and oil to the fighting enemies of her "friends," or closing her "friends'" strategic lines, in order to appease another powerful neutral. I am convinced that this will be the shape of things, and will be the road China must travel before she will be treated as an equal, all talk of culture and friendship notwithstanding.

When I read it and, a few days later while travelling with him from Calcutta to Allahabad, heard Dr. Lin Yutang talking in this strain, I knew the bitter process of disillusionment that had driven the great humanist to this conclusion. And yet it was difficult to believe that here was the same mellow, gentle philosopher of *The Importance of Living,* who once suggested an international conference of humorists

as the only way of saving the world and whose ideal of happiness could be summed up in the poem of Ch'en Chiju :—

Life is complete
With children at your feet ;
Just a handful of hay hides your cot.
... ...
Teach thy sons to read, too, in spare hours,
Not for fame nor for Mandarin collars,
Brew your wine, plant bamboos, water flowers,
Thus a house for generations of scholars.

It was a measure of the moral, no less than material, ruination brought about in the world by the apostles of hate and lust and violence that, for the very necessity of the preservation of moral and ethical values, men like Lin Yutang should be talking of " self-interest " and thinking of building battleships. As the train thundered across the vast Gangetic plain and Lin Yutang explained to me in the precise language of an army general how Burma must be attacked from land, sea and air to open the Burma Road, a mood of melancholy took possession of me. Was Lin Yutang, the gay philosopher, the optimistic humanist, the apostle of a peaceful way of life, lost to the world for ever? If he was, then it was a tragedy more ruinous to the interests of humanity than the sinking of ten battleships.

But when the train stopped at the next station and we came out for a stroll on the platform, Dr. Lin quite unself-conscious in his long Chinese gown and feather-weight slippers, something happened that restored my faith in his fundamental, unbreakable, incorruptible humanity. He saw in another compartment a little Chinese girl, a war orphan who had been adopted by an English missionary couple who had travelled on the same plane with him from China, and his mood of a moment ago was gone. He talked and joked and laughed with the little one with such evident delight, completely oblivious to the crowd he was collecting, and his face shone with such unmixed joy that I knew this man would never really give way to despair or cynical " worldliness, " whatever the measure of his disillusionment. " Suffer the little children to come unto me. " The words of Jesus rang in my ears, as I saw Lin Yutang playing with the child, bringing laughter into her orphaned life, and in my imagination I saw another humanist playing with children at his Ashram in Sevagram. It *was* true, as the sixteenth century Chinese poet had said :

Life is complete
With children at your feet.

I have no doubt that after this war China will be able to integrate the modern scientific outlook with the beauty and grace of her ancient culture, even as Lin Yutang has integrated them in his own personality. Like Nehru of India, he too is a joint product of the East and the West, a citizen of the world, his feet planted firmly in the soil of China, drawing wisdom and spiritual nourishment from the Good Earth, but his eyes fixed on the Western horizon. Like Nehru, again, it is not

the outward glitter of material prosperity that draws him to the West but, rather, that spirit of curiosity and the scientific outlook that are the real contributions of the West to the structure of world thought.

Men are what they are because of what they have experienced and Lin Yutang's life is the key to his character and his attitude to life. He is shy of talking about himself and would rather discuss politics, ethics or literature. But once I had persuaded him, he told me the story of his life with great objectivity. As I listened to him I could imagine, as it were, the various stages in the building of the magnificent structure of his mind and thought. He was born forty-nine years ago in Amoy on the south-east coast of China, the son of a humble Christian pastor. The family was poor but the father was a great scholar both of the Christian scriptures and of the Chinese classics and there was a literary atmosphere in the house where young Yutang grew up. It was this atmosphere, rather than serious study, that was the making of the future writer, for he took school work lightly and was known for his indifference to text-books. But, growing up in a house that was poorly furnished but stacked with books, words acquired a fascination for him. He read everything he could lay his hands upon—except the text-books, of course ! Soon he wanted to write himself and when he went to St. John's University in Shanghai for his B. A. degree, his contributions to the college magazine attracted attention for their light and breezy style. After graduation in 1916 he was sent to Harvard where he took his Master's degree in comparative literature. From America he migrated to Germany where he studied philology in the Leipzig University from 1921 to 1923. This was the period of the severest economic crisis in Germany and the sensitive young man from China had his cloistered student life constantly disturbed by the grim spectre of poverty that he saw everywhere.

These influences of his youthful days have left an enduring impress upon his character. Today, having embraced the larger religion of humanity, Lin Yutang has repudiated all Church affiliations but the basic humanism of Christianity is clearly seen in his character as well as his writings.

It is interesting also to observe the peculiarly varied influences of Chinese classicism, care-free American college life and serious German study producing an intellect that is mellow, analytical and vigorous. With all that, when he returned to China and joined the Peking National University, Lin Yutang was only a brilliant young professor of philology and comparative literature. What took him out of the academic groove and set him on the road to journalism—and later authorship ?

I asked him this question and he told me it was the National Revolution. The Peking University at that time was a centre of progres-

sive thought and the minds of all educated youths in China were filled with democratic ideas. An obscure Doctor Sun Yat-Sen had fired their imagination—most of all, that of the young Professor Lin. When the Revolution broke out he left the University and joined the "rabble" that was to overthrow the ancient Manchu dynasty. I found him reluctant to dilate upon his own rôle in the Revolution beyond stating that for three years he served the Revolutionary government, but it is obvious that it was contact with the dynamic forces released in China that was the most important turning-point in his life.

In 1927 he quit all jobs and decided to devote his time entirely to writing. With the help of some friends he started a weekly paper *China Critic* which he edited and, under the pseudonym of "The Little Critic," he wrote in it a memorable series of articles some of which can now be read in *With Love and Irony*. These essays were not mere literary effusions but well-informed and, sometimes, sharply pointed criticism of the life of the transitionary phase of the new society in China, as an old monarchy tried to assume the aspect of a modern democracy. These writings attracted considerable attention both in China and abroad and led to the writing of Lin Yutang's first great work, the monumental *My Country and My People*, that appeared in the United States in 1935, and still remains the best introduction to China. Overnight the world had found a great new author and a whole series followed—*Importance of Living* (1937), *Wisdom of Confucius* (1938), *Moment in Peking* (1939), *With Love and Irony* (1940), *A Leaf in the Storm* (1941), *Wisdom of China and India* (1942), *Between Tears and Laughter* (1943).

Of all his books, *Importance of Living* has proved the most popular, being a best-seller both in England and America. But, personally, he is most fond of his novel *Moment in Peking*. "I gave most of myself to it," he told me and added that it took him one whole year of uninterrupted work to write it. The characters in this as well as his other novel, *A Leaf in the Storm*, he admitted, are partly drawn from life.

What have been the major Western literary influences in his life? He said that the humorists, rather than the serious writers, had influenced him most. Among these he mentioned Shaw, Stephen Leacock, Chesterton, E. V. Lucas and Heywood Broun. "But the great influence on my style," he said, "has been Heinrich Heine, a German Jewish poet and writer, with a wonderful wit and satire."

Among Chinese classics that have influenced him he mentioned the novel *Red Chamber Dream* by Ts'ao Hsuehch'in (a seventeenth century writer). He regards it as "one of the world's masterpieces," comparable to Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. It represents "the height of the art

of writing novels in China" and Lin Yutang rates it even higher than *All Men Are Brothers* which Pearl Buck has translated into English. He would like to translate it into English but it would take at least two years of painstaking work. And yet he hesitates. "The language of Ts'ao Hsuehch'in is so perfect," he said in utter modesty, "that I am not sure I would be able to do justice to it."

Finally I asked him a rather peculiar question: If you were marooned on a desert island, which ten books would you like to have with you? He laughed at the question and, after some thought, gave the following list: *Red Chamber Dream,"* The Old Testament, a volume of Chinese history written in the first century B.C. which he regards as the standard of history writing, the *Decameron* by Boccacio (and there was a mischievous twinkle in his eye as he named it), and any good anthology of Chinese poetry.

"But these are only five books," I protested. "You have to take ten."

"Is it compulsory?" he asked with a chuckle. "I would rather take a gramophone and some selected records instead of any other five books in the world."

And, as he laughed, I knew that, in spite of bitterness and disillusionment and the all too recent contact with the tragedy and misery of his people, he still retained his optimistic faith in the true values of living. Not even a war, with its legions of death and hate and violence, would make Lin Yutang, the gay philosopher, turn his back on life.

KWAJA AHMAD ABBAS

DOES MAN MAKE HISTORY?

[**The Rev. Mr. Leslie Belton, B. A., M. Sc.,** long the Editor of the Unitarian organ, *The Inquirer,* is the author of *Creeds in Conflict* and other works. He examines here a problem with intriguing ramifications. "The true history of the world," Max Muller wrote, "must always be the history of the few." Doubtless those whom the world calls great do occupy the foreground of the picture, but the indispensable background will ever be made up of the undistinguished many; in one sense every man makes history. Especially interesting is Mr. Belton's analysis of what constitutes true greatness. His demand for the "noetic quality," for "wise benevolence," seems to suggest that the masses are better judges of greatness than the scholarly. The latter call an Alexander and a Frederick "great"; the common people bow before the Buddha and the Christ.—ED.]

All recorded history is partial and selective. Necessarily so, since historians are fallibly human and rely upon the data they subsume and interpret. As collectors of material they are acting scientifically in so far as they accumulate and sift their material dispassionately, without re-

gard to any theory they wish to justify or prove. Thus far there is a science of history. But no readable history is a mere collection of facts, a catalogue. The facts have to be related and explained within a given context if the history is to be a living reconstruction of a phase of the past. Thus the historian is also an artist, needing imagination as well as industry if his work is to live.

Every historian is necessarily in some degree an interpreter, and his interpretation cannot be purely fortuitous. Some motive guides him even though he scarcely recognises it. He works to a plan, consciously or unconsciously, and the result is a history, not "pure and undefiled" —no history is that—but a record of events and movements made significant by the writer's judgment and art. Not all historians interpret alike even when they cover the same field. Differences arise because of the various methods and theories the historian may use, and because of the purpose he has in view. If the facts are deliberately selected or strained in the interest of some religious or political doctrine, the result may be good propaganda and may be good artistry but it is not history. It fails through lack of objectivity; it is biased history.

It may be that all history is in some sense biased because every historian is swayed by presuppositions and therefore incapable of divesting his mind of every possible prejudice. But all detectable and glaring violations of the truth have a way of revealing themselves and of cancelling one another out in the long run. For the rest, we must accept history as it is given us, as the art of interpretation wrought upon the method of science, interpretation which should aim at truthfulness though it can never be inerrant.

Clues to history are many and it is no part of this study to enumerate or examine them. One "clue," however, is obtrusively present in all human history—Man as a Personality. Astonishingly, some writers have contrived to overlook this clue, attempting to write history as though human personality were but an impotent cipher in the "making and shaking of the world"—as though an abstraction called Society could take his place. An intensive study of man in his social relationships is one of the most important and pressing of modern needs, a need that the nascent science of sociology is striving to meet. We are beginning to think and to plan sociologically; but always, at rock-bottom, it is with men and women that we are dealing, with human personalities without whom Society does not exist. We ignore this truism at our cost, for the logical end of impersonalism is the Moloch State with its denial of personal freedom and responsibility.

Even so, some historians forget, or deny, this truth. They think in terms of processes and trends, rarely of personality. They will not admit, or they tacitly ignore, the dynamic

rôle of personality in every sphere of human activity, in religion, art, science, statecraft, exploration. Against this view we may hold that history is mainly determined not by processes but by men. Ideas do not exist abstractly, in the air; they exist in human minds, needing (in Romain Rolland's phrase) "the mighty condenser of personality." So also the history of ideas, like the history of deeds, is made not *for* men but *by* men. Geography, climate, natural catastrophes, and other factors yet unknown, influence history, but man is still the prime mover. The late Professor Sir G. Elliot Smith said:—

> The great events in human history were provoked by individual human beings exercising their wills to change the direction of human thought and action, or by natural catastrophes forcing men of insight to embark on new enterprises.

It may be that Elliot Smith overemphasizes the *conscious* direction of the human will at the expense of unconscious and undeliberate changes but the rôle of personality is crucial in either case. The process is deliberate only in exceptional minds. This seems the implication in Sir J. G. Frazer's emphatic affirmation of personalism in history. Great religious movements which have stirred humanity and altered beliefs spring ultimately, he says,

> from the conscious and deliberate efforts of extraordinary minds, not from the blind, unconscious co-operation of the multitude.

And he adds:—

> The attempt to explain history without the influence of great men may flatter the vanity of the vulgar, but it will find no favour with the philosophic historian.

One need not subscribe to the dictum of Thomas Carlyle that the history of the world is the biography of great men to see the force of this. Yet Carlyle is probably nearer to the truth than are his extremist detractors who see great men and little men alike as flotsam and jetsam on the stream of history, as the hapless playthings of social processes.

Can one doubt the dominating influence upon human history of conquerors, kings and statesmen like Alexander, Augustus, Asoka, Constantine, Charlemagne, Cromwell, Napoleon, Frederick, and Lenin? One may consider their influence as in some respects baneful, but can one reasonably deny their immense influence upon the course of history? Alexander extended the bounds of Greek civilisation, opening a highway between East and West. Augustus saved the Roman world from disintegration. Asoka unified and pacified India under the Buddhist rule, thereby, preserving a mighty spiritual impulse in the Eastern world. Constantine elevated the Christian Faith above its rivals and thus assured its continuance as the inheritor of Rome. Charlemagne confirmed the Popes in their office and in assuming the imperial title determined the main course of the Middle Ages. In Cromwell, England

found a saviour from kingly pretensions who strengthened the foundations of the democracy that was to be. Napoleon carried the ideas of the French Revolution through Europe and forced into growth the nationalist spirit. Frederick of Prussia set going the course of events which culminated in the first world war. In 1917, Lenin seized a long-worked-for opportunity for revolutionary action which, rocking the world, has repercussions still.

Turning from men of action to men of thought, we may see these also as shapers of history. Great thinkers and great believers like Plato and Aristotle, Paul and Augustine, Anselm and Aquinas, Luther and Calvin, Locke and Voltaire, Kant and Hegel, Marx and Engels, to name only a few outstanding figures of the West, amply demonstrate the power of the Word. Books wield enormous influence; books make history; and behind every book stands a man.

Artists and poets and, most of all, the great religious figures have vivified and changed human history. Dynamic personalities, to name but a few, like Gautama, Sankara, Ram Mohun Roy and Gandhiji in India, Lao-tze, Kung-fu-tze and Chuang-tze in China, Moses, Zoroaster, Mohammad and Paul in the Middle-Eastern world, are determiners of history, each in his own manner and degree. Religion has its social roots and its priestly conservers, but faith is made vivid and real by its prophets, mystics, saints and seers. The significance of the great religious figure is—as Keyserling puts it—that

> he gives an example to mankind. He shows men their profoundest selves in a mirror; he makes their own ideal clear to them. He embodies it visibly, and thus gives to the creative forces which impel every one toward heaven, the longed for aim and example.

They help to make *men* and in making men they make history. Great personalities of the past still exert their sway over human life; as we reflect their ideas or act under their inspiration they are influencing history now in the contemporary world.

But who is the *great* man? Many answers have been given. Francis Galton found the test of greatness in reputation, a test which may have been satisfactory enough for his statistical enquiry but manifestly assesses eminence rather than worth. Another answer suggests power as the criterion of greatness. On this theory the masterful personality—the conqueror, the tyrant or, for that matter, the millionaire industrialist—is great in virtue of his capacity to dominate, to compel obedience from others and privilege for himself. It is possible, furthermore, to correlate greatness with outstanding ability or talent. Thus we may say that Mozart was a great musician and composer, James Watt a great inventor, Napoleon a great strategist, Rembrandt a great portraitist, Darwin a great scientific collator and theorist. Each of these

was a master in his own field. But was any one of these, in virtue of his eminence or his talent, a great personality? Was Leonardo da Vinci, or Johann Wolfgang von Goethe? Both were men of extraordinary ability, exceptional men who have made their mark on history. But were they great men?

Since there is, and can be, no precise measuring rod of greatness, the question allows of no decisive or final answer, arbitrament being as variable as human preference. Even so, there is little reason to doubt that Leonardo and Goethe would be given exalted places in any man-made register of great men, whatever the Celestial Register might record. Their inclusion would be determined not by their artistic achievements alone, considerable as these were, but also by their possession of an indefinable quality (more marked in Goethe than in Leonardo, of whom much less is known) which the word "wisdom" seems alone, if inadequately, to describe, a noetic quality combining with a "youthful" zest for experience, breadth of vision, and a rich conjunction of the exploratory and constructional genius of the scientist with the flashlike if fitful creativeness of the inspired man of art.

Such men, in human assessment, may be accounted great. Yet is there need to realise that real greatness involves also an element of ineffableness, a spiritual quality which is not invariably the accompaniment of exceptional talent. On this view, even genius of a high order is not necessarily to be correlated with greatness in the absolute sense implying worth. A genius may act villainously and exert a malign influence upon the history of his time. Nor, at the opposite extreme, is saintliness an adequate description of this ineffable quality. A specialised meaning, an air of otherworldliness, attaches to the word; rarely is the saint a man of affairs capable, like St. Benedict, of administration and command; in popular judgment, humility, as seen in St. Francis of Assisi, is the saint's most notable characteristic. But who shall determine saintliness? Hardly the Catholic Church, which has canonized some men and women of dubious repute and passed over others whose claims seem to non-Catholics arrestingly strong.

May we not say that the great man has saintliness within him though he be not saintly in the common meaning of that word? He embodies goodness (worth) even though he often contravenes the conventional moral code of his age, earning the maledictions of the "unco guid." His goodness is marked by a wise benevolence, singleness of aim, intensity of will. Inwardly active and free, never a sectarian, the cast of his thought is universal. Not to be judged by outward and visible achievements alone, he is great because of what he *is*.

To give tangible form to that which is inward, to represent it in such a way

that we see it as the outward image of inward things, as a revelation—that is a most rare power,

says Jacob Burckhardt. That is the revealing power of spiritual greatness, rarely met with in its fulness, seldom consistently maintained, yet present in men and women of divers times and places, and outstandingly exemplified in Gautama and in Jesus.

We conclude: though the age stamps the man, the man stamps the age and can impress upon it the mark of his thought and deed. In association and in lone witness, men are shapers of history, be their influence good or evil, as we, who see but outer effects, judge good and evil. Personality is the instrument through which " processes " work, a means that is sometimes their master. The great personality is God's executor.

LESLIE BELTON

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

MAN OR WONDER MACHINE? *

The author gives us a theory of explanation which is in no way novel. He assumes the existence of the external world and considers that explanation consists in giving the causes of things and saying why they happen. He has therefore to justify the principle of causality. It is not clear why he rejects Hume's criticism of that principle. According to Hume, we have no *experience* of a necessary connection between the cause and the effect, and the utmost that we can know is an invariable succession of phenomena. If the principle is a necessity of the mind which we impose upon nature in order to know it, then we must admit it as a subjective principle. For Mr. Craik, it has objective validity. He justifies this by first arbitrarily introducing it into the processes of reasoning itself.

> I see no reason to suppose that the processes of reasoning *are* fundamentally different from the mechanism of physical nature. On our model theory neural or other mechanisms can imitate or parallel the behaviour and interaction of physical objects and so supply us with information on physical processes which are not directly observable to us. Our thought, then, has objective validity because it is not fundamentally different from objective reality but is specially suited for imitating it. (p. 99)

While we do not think that he has properly answered Hume's scepticism, we quite agree with his criticism of quantum physicists who regard indeterminism as a characteristic of real phenomena. Once we admit that there is an external world independent of the mind, the phenomena of that world must either be in conformity with the principle of causality, and each preceding event in a series must determine the next following one,—or there must be no law governing them, and so a chaos. Mr. Craik rightly points out that the Principle of Uncertainty is a

* *The Nature of Explanation.* By K. J. W. CRAIK. (Cambridge University Press. 6s.)

limitation upon our observation of microscopic events, and not a limitation upon reality itself. "It is sometimes followed by B and sometimes not" is the expression of an anomaly which prompts further enquiry; and yet it is just at this point that quantum statistics stops. The argument advanced is that, in the case of atomic events, it is not possible to put forth a verifiable hypothesis, owing to the Principle of Uncertainty.

> This lack of verifiability is an unfortunate fact but still does not justify...the confusion between a limit of observation and a limit of existence. (p. 39)

Science is based upon observations; and our methods of observation have certain limitations. Reality is not science, and it cannot be supposed to be subject to those limitations. Mr. Craik also argues that the notion of probability itself, which has taken the place of causal explanation, is unintelligible if it is not based upon the notion of the influence and interdependence of things.

> The conjunctions are probable only if one event definitely restricts the possible events that can happen after it—that is, if it influences subsequent events. (p. 36)

If causality is universal, and all explanation consists in giving the cause, what is the position of the mind that explains? Does it stand outside the physical world? By no means. Mr. Craik is led to a thoroughly materialistic conception of the mind.

> Thought is a term for the conscious working of a highly complex machine. (p. 94)

This explanation itself is but a part of the mechanical process. Consciousness depends on the particular organisation of our own nervous systems and is inseparable from them. There is no soul. Or, if there is one, it is not immortal. In the ethical field, our actions are to be explained not by any spring of action within us, such as hedonism or altruism. What explains them is the larger reality around us,—that part of the external world and of other men's thoughts and wishes which is influential in any particular act.

We do not think that this theory of the nature of explanation explains anything. It merely makes confusion worse confounded. It has a certain simplicity borrowed from scientific explanation. The domain of causality is universal, and it includes within it all human activity. But as a philosophical theory, it is valueless. It does not subject to any criticism the scientific notion of causality on which all scientific explanation is based. Is the effect identical with the cause or different from it? Is there such a thing as a first cause? What is a true cause, and how does it bring about its effect? etc. These truly philosophical questions have not even been tackled. Instead, all our spiritual values are levelled to the dust, and we are consoled with the materialistic idea of a wonder machine.

> To those in sympathy with this attitude, there is something wonderful in the idea that man's brain is the greatest machine of all, imitating within its tiny network events happening in the most distant stars, predicting their appearance with accuracy, and finding in this power of successful prediction and communication the ultimate feature of consciousness. (p. 99)

It hardly needs saying that we do not find ourselves in sympathy with this view.

G. R. MALKANI

I Married a Russian : Letters from Kharkov. Edited by LUCIE SWEET. (Allen and Unwin, London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

In the torrent of books about Russia, here is one that must not be missed. Superficially, it is not so impressive as many a documented statistical work, but actually, it is ten times as important and infinitely more informative because it relates unprecedented events to human beings instead of relegating them to the realm of abstractions.

In 1930 an Anglo-Russian romance was enacted at Cambridge. "Eddie," a most attractive English girl, "with an un-English gift of music," met "Kira," a young Russian who was studying science in the research department of the late Lord Rutherford. Within three months they were married. On the 18th May 1930, Eddie was *en route* for Kharkov with her husband. This book consists of letters written by her, between May 1930 and November 1942, to her sister in England.

Over one hundred letters, written chiefly from Kharkov, by a young English woman to her sister in England. That's all. But if the implications of these richly human letters are realised, the mystery of Russian achievement in peace—and the miracle of Russian heroism in war—are revealed in realistic perspective. Many of these letters are concerned with the difficulties of day-to-day living during the second Five Year Plan and they compel recognition of the hardships endured by the Russians during the creation of a new social order. Russia waged war for the future. How successfully it was waged, is shown by the transformation effected in the amenities of everyday life by 1934. *This* was the new world which Russia defended against Fascism—a new world which she had created in blood, sweat, agony—and *that* is why her defence had the fanaticism of a crusade. Russians knew why they fought—and loved what they knew.

Consciously or unconsciously, these letters make Kharkov a symbol of the vast Russian drama—two acts of which have been witnessed. The curtain will rise on the third act at the end of the war.

These letters are a record of enthusiastic living—of lives dedicated, gladly and gaily, to an objective clear to all and desired by all. It is this enthusiasm which fashioned a new social order from chaos—and inspired its defence against the Hitlerian hordes. New social orders are not brought into being by waving a wand, or by the fireworks of fine words. They involve privation, nation-wide unity, vision. Only enthusiasm, ardent and long-sustained, turns dreams into actualities.

Eddie's gay courageous personality flickers like spring sunshine over these pages. Her letters make you share intimately all the vicissitudes of her Russian adventure. You enter into the lives of her companions and, above all, you witness how an English girl of the well-to-do middle class becomes wholly identified with the aims of the Russian people. These letters, with their close-ups of domestic, political and scientific life, are a revelation.

Finally, attention is invited to Lucie Sweet's admirable Introduction and to letter 47, written by Kira, Eddie's husband, which reveals a brilliant young Russian scientist's views on Soviet aims and ideals.

Borrow this book. You will not be able to buy it, because it is certain to be out of print.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

Āśvalāyana Gṛhya Sūtra (with the Commentaries of Devasvāmin and Nārāyaṇa). Vol. I, Adhyāya I. Edited by SVAMI RAVI TIRTHA. (Adyar Library Series No. 44, The Adyar Library, Adyar, Madras. Rs. 6/4)

The contents of this volume appeared serially in the *Adyar Library Bulletin* (1937-1941). For those who care to know the ancient Indian civilization in its social, religious and cultural aspects, a study of our ancient *Gṛhya Sūtras* in critical editions is absolutely essential. We are, therefore, glad to congratulate Svami Ravi Tirtha on this critical edition based on the manuscripts available in the Adyar Library and elsewhere. Though the commentary of Nārāyaṇa was published long ago,[1] the commentary of Devasvāmin appears here in print for the first time.

Nothing definite is so far known about this commentator. In Professor Bhagavadatta's *History of Vedic Literature* in Hindi (1931, pp. 69-70) we find some discussion about the several views regarding Devasvāmin and his date. Some schools believe this Devasvāmin identical with Devabodha or Devasvāmin, the earliest commentator on the *Mahābhārata*, who flourished before A. D. 1150. Some others hold the view that our commentator lived before the Vikrama Era. We find it, however, difficult to believe in these views as they are not based on incontrovertible evidence.

As a result of evolution and change in the Indian social order, different *Gṛhya Sūtras* came into existence. According to ancient Indian lawgivers there was no conflict between reform and orthodoxy. In fact, the progressive evolution of the ancient Indian social and religious law was the direct outcome of this dynamic tendency of our Dharmaśāstra literature, as amply vouched by Prof. P. V. Kane's encyclopædic *History of Dharmaśāstra*. The Editor is fully justified in his remark that

> in all the other civilized countries of modern times the Church, the Universities and the various other Academic institutions play a very important rôle in the life of the nation. But unfortunately in India the accomplishments of its past have no place in its present-day national life.

This is a deplorable state of affairs caused by the faulty system of modern Indian education which blindly derives its inspiration from the achievements of foreign countries.

In thanking the authorities of the Adyar Library for this valuable addition to their brilliant and beautiful series, we await with eagerness the English translation of these *Sūtras* as also the remaining portion of the text and the two commentaries promised by Dr. C. K. Raja in his short Foreword.

P. K. GODE

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[1] In the *Bib. Ind.* 1869. Haradatta's Commentary was published in *Trivandrum Sanskrit Series* (No. 78), 1923; German Translation by Stenzler (Das Indische Haus. 1864-65). English Translation by Oldenberg (S. B. E., Vol. 29).

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ *ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Our last number, for August, was ready when the Paper Control Order was promulgated in Baroda State where our printing-press is located. By special permission of the Government of Baroda we were able to publish that number in full and hence it came out of the usual size of 48 pages. For our September issue, however, we are compelled to reduce the size to 16 pages; for this we apologise to our readers all over the world. The Paper Control Order of Baroda State is but a copy of that of the Government of India reported to be necessary under existing war conditions. We are now appealing to the proper authorities to exempt THE ARYAN PATH from the rigorous application of the Order, as ours is a purely cultural journal. We hope thus to be helped to serve as heretofore our readers and the general public.

The advice which Mr. B. J. Wadia, Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University, recently gave to Jain students can be fruitfully extended to a wider audience. Right as the Vice-Chancellor was, in pleading with the citizens of tomorrow for freedom from the narrow communal prejudices that hamper progress in every way, his advice to "think in terms of Indians first and Indians last" deserves to be accepted and acted on by all our leaders in public as well as national life. Any education that fosters communal inhibitions to the detriment of healthy national consciousness, or chauvinism at the expense of international goodwill, is not education but unhealthy propaganda. Mr. Wadia urged the development of a sense of citizenship and service of humanity. "You must not only develop national but universal brotherhood."

"We have failed so far because we have failed to co-operate with each other," declared Sir Jogendra Singh in Bombay on the 2nd of August. The occasion was the fourteenth session of the Conference of Registrars of Co-operative Societies, over which he was presiding. He could, he said, think of no activity better calculated to raise India from poverty to power than the spirit of co-operation inspiring all the social and economic activities of the country.

Co-operation has a great opportunity in India which it is far indeed from having realised. It has not, as Sir Jogendra pointed out, touched the fringe even of the rural credit problem, to which the efforts of the co-operative movement in India have been so largely directed. The lines to which co-operation can be applied are many, and the practical need is vast. Co-operation can admittedly improve the economic status of the masses in both country-side and town.

No less important, however, is its potential contribution to mutual trust

and mutual good-will. Co-operation, Sir Jogendra said, could

> draw its inspiration from the recognition, to quote from Sadi, that we are limbs of one another, that if one part of the body is in pain, the other cannot find rest.

The co-operative movement in India is Government-sponsored. Such sponsorship confers certain supervisory advantages but of necessity involves lack of the spontaneity which has been the spring of successful co-operative effort elsewhere. Co-operation will succeed in India to the extent that co-operators can be brought to recognise it as *their* effort for self-help and mutual aid, and that success or failure must depend primarily upon themselves.

In the midst of cruel and devastating conflict, plans for peace and for a better post-war world are being made. The National Peace Council, 144 Southampton Row, London, W. C. 1, to which are affiliated forty-odd national organisations with a like concern for peace, has been sponsoring conferences and publishing pamphlets and leaflets of constuctive worth. Material realities are faced, sound practical policies outlined, but inner attitude receives a new and hopeful emphasis. As Mr. Christopher Dawson in Peace Aims Pamphlet No. 20 sees, the regeneration of civilisation is the only alternative to its destruction.

The necessary scientific knowledge, technical organisation and economic power to change the world and banish the worst evils of poverty, disease and unemployment, are now available, as he points out. Then what is wanting? The " idea of US, " for which Señor de Madariaga pleads in Pamphlet No. 1 as a substitute for the ideology th underlay the Atlantic Charter. C operation, he declares, is not enoug What is wanted is refusal to act long in terms of exclusive national interest and the determination to advanc however slowly, only on the commo lines of world unity.

Prof. Gilbert Murray takes up wit enthusiasm his idea of " US, " tracin the failure of the League of Natio precisely to the lack of such a vit sense of unity.

> The machinery was and is good enoug although it could be improved here an there....If we had had the feeling of " US it could have succeeded....We must s quite clearly that all humanity has equ rights and all nations are part of " US " ju as much as the great powers are.

The Basic Principles outlined in th leaflet *The Conditions of a Constructiv Peace* include the recognition that

> peace can only be secure if it is rooted in spiritual valuation of man and of his relatio ship to his fellows, in the recognition of common brotherhood for all mankind and i the submission of the corporate life, bot national and international, to the governanc of eternal standards.

But a sense of living unity does not alas, come with the recognition of th need. There must be education i mutual appreciation. In this the chil dren are our hope. Meanwhile th innate craving of the human heart fo justice must be satisfied. Let ther be equal justice for the underprivileged nations as individuals, and two mos fertile sources of inharmony will b destroyed—resentment and the diff culty, proverbially recognised, of for giving those whom we have injured.

Printed and published by Kishansingh Chavda at Sadhana Press, Raopura, Baroda.
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